Knight-Errantry;

OR,

DONQUIXOT

Encountring the

WINDMILL.

BEING

A Relation of the Siege

OF

KNOCKE.

Spectatum Admiſſi riſum teneatis amici. Hor. Ar. Po.

THE bold Allies, whoſe Pride and Numbers ſwell,
In Peaceful Camps reſolve no more to dwell;
But to direct their Fury and their Gall
A grave Cabal, They, of the Sageſt, call;
Whoſe Teeming Brains in Copulation join,
To Procreate Some Shapely, brave deſign.
With an unuſual ſtir they pant, and heave,
The Generous offspring lab'ring to Conceive;
Till after many Pangs, and tedious Throws
The Graceful Pregnant *Heroe* with THE NOSE
Brought forth, to this effect, ſome wondrous Proſe.
My Friends, 'tis true, ſome Blood the Wars have coſt;
Some Treaſure has been ſpent, and Towns been loſt;
But paſs't unlucky Chances to redeem,
And re-inſtate our Languiſhing Eſteem,

To Action we'll Proceed: A mighty Town
Shall be beſieg'd, of ſtrenght, and of renown:
From whence we'll *France* ſo forcibly invade
She'l ſoon diſgorge the Conqueſt ſhe has made;
'Tis KNOCKE's the Place ſhall feel our Thundring hand,
The Nobleſt Fortreſs that ſecures the Land.
Where, if ſucceſs doth with our Councils hit,
Ypre, and *Dunkirk* will in courſe ſubmit.
Thoſe Petty Forts will ne'er withſtand our Pow'rs
When *Knocke*, the fam'd Metrapolis, is ours.
'Tis *there*, my Warriours, we'ell defeat the Foe;
There purchaſe Praiſe, and rich in Glory grow;
'Tis *there* th' enſlav'd, the wounded and the ſlain
Shall give an Earneſt of a Bleſs'd Campaign.
With that, to Boaſt his Manhood, he Aſſum'd
A Frowning Look; and fiercely Cockt, and Plum'd,
Into a ſort of Warlike fit he flew,
And, in the Furious Tranſport, almoſt drew,
Then thus Proceeded——
The Stubborn murmuring *Britains* loudly rore
That we're in *debt*; but *Knocke* ſhall pay the Score:
That in *7 years* it is a Burning ſhame
We've nothing done; but *Knocke* ſhall raiſe our Fame:
That *Mons's Loſs*, and *two Great Cities* more
It is a Deep wound; But *Knocke* ſhall heal the Sore:
That of its *Wealth* th' exhauſted Realm we *drain*
To *Feed th' Allies*; But *Knocke* ſhall fill't again.
That *Horrid* Crimes we Act, They dare not Name
For fear of Law; But *Knocke* ſhall Mend the Same:
Where, tho' we fail, the Conſcious World muſt tell,
From vaſt attempts, how glorioufly we fell.
At that they all out into raptures broke,
And deeply ſwore, *the God of Wiſdom Spoke.*

They no ſooner Agreed on this Project uncommon,
Then the *Chief of the Cauſe* ſhew'd himſelf not a ſlow Man:
For Commands to make ready for Death, and for ſlaughter
Flew as quick as the Bullets, that caus'd 'em, flew after;
And the brisk Engineers, to amazment, and wonder,
Were as Nimble as Light'ing, to rigg out their Thunder.
And Select the bold Blades, that without any Flatt'ry,
Whole Millions of Oaths, on occaſion, cou'd ſcatter ye,
And of Old had been fam'd for Aſſault, and for Battery.

Thoſe

Thoſe Too, that when School Boys, cou'd craftily ſlip into Orchards, and ſteal the Pear-main, and the Pippin;
That a Warren cou'd Plunder, and rob a Hen-rooſt too,
Were earneſtly ſought, as the Men they muſt truſt to:
For 'tis ſuch, we muſt own, at the buſineſs of Storming
Are the *Loons* of moſt skill, and the Mightieſt performing.
And now thro' the Camp roſe a Terrible Tattle,
The Trumpets ſpoke loud, and the Drums made a rattle
To rouſe up their Spirits, and call them to Battle.
And that moſt incomp'rable Muſick the Fife
In the Ears of the Soldiers was wonderful rife,
Sufficient in Cowards to put life, and mettle,
And make *Guinea-Gold* of a Common *Braſs Kettle*.

On the March the Gay, witty, ſpruce Lads that were half in
With Beer, and with Brandy were joking, and Laughing
At *Knocke*; In a whole Summers day one ſhan't ſee
The Like, how the Name on't tickl'd their Fancy:
Till at lenght they came up about 12 a Clock one day
(I think 'twas the Ninth of the Month, and a *Sunday*)
When at night ſome detach'd Grenadiers that were truſty
Felt the Pulſe of the place; which they found to be Luſty;
Whoſe Fortifi'd Caps were as thick, and as tall
As an Ord'nary Gar'ſons Rampart or Wall.
On the Fronts of 'em *Raw head* and *Bloody Bones* painted,
Enough to ſcare Men, with ſuch ſights, not acquainted, (on
And 'twas well for the *French*, that they came hitt, or miſs,
In the dark, who not elſe would have touch'd Amunition,
Or dar'd to have fac'd ſuch a dire Apparition.
Tho' ſome of them Knaviſhly Crawling, and Creeping
Into other Folks Premiſſes, paid for their Peeping.
To be ſhort, when the Foe had ſeverely rebuff'd 'em,
And with multiply'd infamy Kick't 'em, and cuff'd 'em,
When their Guns, that divided Men's Corps into Quarters,
Had *Canoniz'd Saints*, and made many *Martyrs*;
When *Fatt Beef* and *Pudding*, priz'd highly by all had
Been bang'd by *Soop meager*, and *Thin-gutted Sallad*,
When to no ſort of purpoſe at all there, by God, They,
Had lain the third part of a Month, and an odd day,
Not to break an Old Cuſtom, much leſſen'd in Number,
They drew off to *Dixmuyde*, with their remnant of Lumber;
Where on Brown Bread, and Butter, they Manfully Forrage,
And Curſe their damn'd Foes, that are friendly to Porrage.

Thence

Thence a *Mercury* flew, to report the diſaſter,
To the JOVE (at *Becclaer* that lay ſnorting) his Maſter:
Who thus was inform'd after twenty *God's Bluds*, *Sir*.
The Place is too ſtrong, and the Siege in the Sudds *Sir*.
Notwithſtanding, the DON, tho' the Caſe was a ſad one
Put the *beſt Face* he cou'd on't tho' God knows, a Bad one;
And Said that no more ſuch affronts he'd endure.
But the Scandal of *Knocke*, wou'd revenge on NAMURE;
That the *French* (and then horribly Swore by his Maker)
Should have Cauſe to Confeſs him a Bloody Town-Taker
Now ſome think the *Sharper*, to lay his Plot Cloſer,
Play'd off a few men, with deſign to be Looſer;
And that all was a Politick Cheat, and ſham Trick
To draw in the Bubbles, and give 'em a damn'd Nick;
That the *Fox*, with a fetch moſt egregiouſly queint.
To *puſh home* at *Namure*, at *La Knockque made a feint*; (ed,
And no more meant his Fame ſhould be murder'd or wound-
Than the Child that's unborn, or the Man in the Moon did:
Tho' I muſt declare, with a Solemn Proteſting,
That I don't know what's earneſt, if this was but jeſting.
Or how any Wight, in his Right ſenſes, can *Sir*,
Hope the Maſter to beat, that's ſubdu'd by the Man *Sir*:
For *La Knocke* is no better, for all it's renown,
Than a Foot-boy, or Page to a fortified Town;
No; 'tis rage, and deſpair drives him on; It can never
Be hopes of ſucceſs that enclin'd him; However
VVee'l leave Him as well as he can to *Namure* it,
And return to *La Knocque*, that took care to ſecure it
Self bravely; as we ſhall ſtil freely Confeſs it
And thus, in Heroicks, make bold to Addreſs it.

For thee, *La Knoque*, tho' *ſmall's* thy ſpace, and room;
Thy Story ſhall be *large* in time to Come;
Thy worth ſhall Sound on every diſtant ſhore
Loud as the Drum can beat, or Cannon rore,
Tho' ſlight in force, and of a ſlender Fame,
Little-Fort-Knock, has been thy former Name;
But ſince th'art now *Baptiz'd* with BRITISH BLOOD,
And brave MONTAL for God-father has ſtood,
No more with diſreſpect thy Name We'll treat,
But, Newly Chriſten'd, from thy Foes defeat,
Thou, for the future, ſhallt be KNOCK THE GREAT.

July 4th. 1695

FINIS.

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